

Just One Guitar

by KaneBuddy

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Summary: One man, his band and their civilian AI are all that stand between the Covenant and Humanity's Destruction. It is FINISHED!

1. WarmUp

Chapter 1

Zane woke up and rolled out of bed, scratching at his head, from which, sprouted long brown locks of hair. He shuffled into the shower, and five minutes later came dancing down the steps to the bottom floor of his mansion. As soon as he sat down at his small table set down in there, two perfectly toasted bagels fell down upon a plate and a miniature wheeled robot brought it to him.

"Mornin' Reggie!" he said yawning.

"Good Morning M'Lord." Replied a voice booming with a British accent "do you have any plans today that you have not notified me of?"

"No, why? Is someone here?"

"Of course not, I am just double checking. By the way, Sire, your bandmates have sent a letter suggesting that you do another tour on Earth in a few months. They said that the crowds are clamoring to have you back."

"Uggh. Don't remind me about the crowds, I barely escaped with my boxers intact."

"So your answer isâ€¦"

"I guess so, send them the message. Where are they now?"

"My latest records say Septimus Four."

"That's cool, get that to them, meanwhile lemme see the new songs they sent us."

A hologram of a balding man in a suit appeared on the wheeled robot that had brought him his toast, its mouth opened with the same voice that had been questioning him before, "How did you know they sent you new songs?"

"Why else would they mail me anything? They only talk to me during tours, and even then its only about how much of a percentage they'll get."

"I guess you are correct. I took the liberty of downloading them on your computer."

"Good, thank you." Zane said, "Just go off and start the general maintenance. Next week I've got a brave one comin' in. all the way from Earth nonetheless. He's the editor of The Daily â€¦ ummm, something or other, and he wants an interview."

"Jolly well sir, I shall see you at lunch then, goodbye M'Lord." With that, the wheeled machine rolled off in the other direction.

Zane reflected on how lucky he was to have Reggie, he (he no longer considered Reggie an "it") was possibly the only thing keeping him sane for the past few years. Zane couldn't even walk to the supermarket anymore without being hounded by mobs of screaming teenage girls and nearly as large groups of guys who wanted to learn his secrets. Yes, the rock star life was very tough on him. That's why he moved out here to Harvest, only some backwater farmers here, and he also had the constant threat of pirates warding off all but the most determined (and rich) of fans.

He walked outside, grabbing a cup of black coffee on the way and watched the cloudless sunrise. It was an oddly quiet morning so he turned on his radio, nothing on except the same transmission on every station about not panicking, that everyone will be fine and to head to the bomb shelters in an orderly fashion.

"Man, how long will it take them to realize that a few pirates in a couple of rusty tin cans aren't gonna kill everyone" he said blithely. Zane had heard the same transmission a thousand times before and now it just served as an annoyance that took away from his music time. He turned and was heading back in when a shadow fell across the land. He looked up to see a type of spacecraft he had never seen before, it was blue and vaguely pearlescent, and a purple beam emanated from the center.

"What the hell is that?" he inquired aloud.

"That is what all the radio chatter is about, didn't you hear it M'Lord?"

"No, what is it?" he asked, mesmerized by the shadow that now covered his entire property, from the sixty foot outside speakers in front to the small auditorium he owned two miles down the road.

"It is an alien ship M'Lord, and apparently, it is not very happy, it obliterated all spacecraft in the system and broadcast a message saying that we are to be destroyed according to the will of those who

came before. Would you care for some tea M'Lord?"

2. First Chords

"For the last time Reggie, I do not like tea. We also have much bigger problems on our hands than breakfast now, we have to get out of here, is my private shuttle ready?"

"No M'Lord, the shuttle is not ready, as you recall, you have not used it in several years and it will take the better part of a day to restore it to slipspace capacity."

"What do you want me to do then, just sit here and wait until who knows what happens?"

"I wouldn't advise you stay in one place M'Lord, as they are landing troops on the planet and they would most likely catch you and kill you."

"Oh my God Reggie, how long have they been deploying troops?" Zane Fear put his head in his hands, trying to contain his anger.

"Hmmm." His artificial butler replied, "That's a pretty tough question, I don't know exactly but probably around midnight. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe because I want TO KNOW HOW LONG I HAVE TO LIVE!!!"

"I'm terribly sorry M'Lord, and should this ever happen again, I shall warn you immediately."

"Crap, its too late, look out there." Zane pointed out the window, the nearby city, Couscous, was on fire and bursts of light shot out occasionally. "Okay, how long do we have until their troops find my house?"

"M'Lord, they have already found it and are heading here, they will be here in oh, say, five minutes."

"Why did you not tell me this before? And don't you dare sayâ€|"

"Because you didn't ask M'Lord."

"Arrrrgh! Listen to me, I don't have time for this, get my ship ready, and tell me how I can protect myself."

"Your ship is getting ready, and the only thing in this house that you can do is, wellâ€|"

"Are you suggesting that Iâ€| no, it's too crazy!"

"Desperate times M'Lord, desperate measures."

"Okay" Zane said, looking outside at his house-sized speakers, "get me my guitar."

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Author's Note: It is a bit short and has more dialogue than I usually do, but I couldn't think of how to add more after this and I had to establish the relationship between the Butler and Zane, I should be adding a new chapter within the week.

3. Solo

Zane flexed his fingers, stretching them and wiped the sweat off his brow. This was the first time he had ever turned his outside speakers up past one percent of their full capacity, and the one time he actually went up to one percent, he caused all people not wearing ear protection to go deaf within a one mile radius.

Right now he was in the most heavily soundproofed room in the house. It was completely white and the only breaks in the bright wall were a jack that his guitar was now plugged into right now, and another, larger one that Reggie had plugged himself to.

"The speakers are prepped, turned all the way up, and are ready for your guitar M'Lord"

"Okay, just tell me one thing. How close are they now?"

"They are thirty seconds away from the northeast speaker; I have rotated it so they will be directly in front of the expected blast radius."

"I'll just finish my prep, and I'll start."

Zane then put on a pair of earplugs, followed by a pair of blue noise-canceling headphones. He then brought his guitar up to his chest and turned the volume up. He turned it past 7 to 8, past 8 to 9, to ten, and then eleven, before stopping it at twelve. He brought his hand up, and strummed down on his guitar with so much force that his pick snapped in half.

Two miles away, a black-armored Rafna Tounomee stared up at the large human construct and had only enough time to put a clawed finger on its surface before over-pressure caused all the veins and arteries in his body to explode. A nanosecond later, all the Grunts in his outfit died a painful death as their methane tanks burst as well as their gas bladders. The Jackals right behind them moved their hands to their ears, but none of them reached in time, and the ones that didn't explode immediately like the lead elite were pushed back over a mile and subsequently, were crushed against whatever they landed on. Several Hunters watched the scene, puzzled at what was happening to the soldiers around them. They continued their march to the large house in the distance, but before they had gone ten feet, another sound came from the large boxes. It was a deep noise, inaudible to all but the Hunters. The ground beneath their feet rippled and shook; trees ripped themselves free of the planet and flying bugs died in midair. The Hunters stood and began to vibrate uncontrollably, their metal shields fell from their bodies followed by their canons, and the blue metal that covered them from head to toe came loose and

clattered to the ground. The Hunter's true form, the conglomerate of orange worms fell to the ground in a writhing mass of reddish color and tubes.

"M'Lord, I do believe you killed this wave of invaders. Bravo. Bravo." A series of small claps sounded inside Zane's helmet along with this sound of his butler's voice.

Zane removed his headphones, "WHAT!?" he screamed "I can barely hear you; you'll have to speak up!"

"I said, 'good job, you killed all the invaders'!" replied Reggie, "Also, you might want to remove your earplugs also!"

"Oh, yea, right, thanks, I forgot about these" he said while taking the earplugs out. "What's happening now, any more coming?" he asked.

"Apparently, yes, they are sending thrice what they sent before, along with quite a few vehicles.

"Define a few for me please."

"Hmmmâ€¦| about twenty aircraft eighty small land vehicles and a half dozen tank-like things."

"Great, at least it isn't 'quite a bit' got any more tips for me? Hey wait a second; I've got music files, why don't we just play them?"

"Brilliant M'Lord, I'll start them up. Any requests?"

"How about something old, a classic, lets go with some guitar tunes from the 1980's."

"Okay M'Lord, I'll do it right now, just sit back and relax."

"Thanks Reggie, and see if you can send in some snacks, I'm getting hungry. Looks like I'll be getting off this planet after all. Can I see what happens to their vehicles on video also? Get a television in here then."

A robotic doily under Reggie's command rolled in a few seconds later, laden with cheese, crackers, grapes, soda, and a screen, already showing footage from outside his house. Zane grabbed some food and when the vehicles came close, he said aloud, "Fire when ready Reggie!" and then laid down on the floor to watch the action.

4. Tea Flat

This went on for over an hour and a half. The Covenant would send in some men, who would be unaware as to what had been killing the others, they'd reach about the same position, and Reggie would then turn some music on.

"How long now?" asked Zane, having become bored sitting on the room with nothing to do except watch aliens blowing up.

"The slipspace reactor is in shakedown mode and the amenities are now being stocked, safe departure should be ready within eight hours, but you must also remember M'Lord, that the alien ships will probably be able to shoot us down before we can leave the system. Uh oh."

"What? What was that 'Uh oh' about?" asked Zane, a fearful look now on his face.

"It seems that this last wave of invaders has landed a few accidental shots to the speakers. One shot hit a wire that connected all of the speakers to my interface. The only way to produce a sound in the speakers now, is to play your guitar. I would go out and fix it, but any drones would likely be shot on the way or destroyed in the sound waves. Sorry."

"That's alright; I'll only need to strum it now and then, so we should still be fine. Right?"

"Normally yes M'Lord, but other shots hit the sensors and cameras that were around it; we'll have no way of knowing when invaders are going to come."

"So now what" he replied, "am I just gonna have to play my guitar for eight hours?"

"It appears so "M'Lord, shall I get you some tea while you play?"

As Zane put his guitar strap on he replied "Reggie, how long has it been since I ever wanted any tea? Seriously, I have owned you eight long years and not once did I ever want any tea. I'm just sick of you asking about it now. Why don't you stop?"

"Well, I never know when you might have a change of heart M'Lord."

"Just stop it, I need to concentrate on playing, I'm not sure I can play eight hours worth of music."

"Okay, I shall be silent"

"Good" he said, relief filling his voice. He then tried a few chords without ear protection, and satisfied that he would only hear it as background noise; he began playing one of his favorite tunes that he wrote himself. "Might as well start with stuff I know well" he thought as he started moving his fingers.

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>Author's Note-. Thanks to everyone for the support, I was almost going to scrap this idea. Also, I will probably add one or two short chapters every week, depending on how I feel. And yes Domenion, the song is by Foreigner and that's where I got the name, thanks for noticing.

5. Stayin' Alive

Chapter 5

Almost eight hours later, Zane was sweating blood, Reggie had been

sending in a constant stream of beverages and smacks, but the strain was finally starting to get to Zane. The only source of comfort he had now was that a new video camera was just minutes away from being set up beside the speaker. It wasn't just playing that was tiring him out though; he had also been under so much stress that he could only remember a few more songs. After he played all of his, he had gone through the first great ones like Led Zeppelin, Steve Vai, Van Halen, and even the Beatles. He was working his way through the centuries and now he didn't know what to do next, this was the last song he could remember, and it was only a minute away from being finished.

"Need a little help here Reggie!"

"What is it M'Lord?"

"I'm stressed out, I can't think of what to play next, and I don't know if I'm going to get off this planet alive."

"Sorry M'Lord, but I do not know what else you can play; I am concentrating on getting everything ready for our trip. I have absolute confidence that you will think of something to play, I will return in a little while."

And with that, the AI left the room without another word, going off to do some obscure task that only he cared about. Meanwhile, Zane was getting more and more worried as the song neared its completion. Ten seconds before it ended, Zane suddenly remembered a whole other genre that he had never played before. It was an archaic, disgusting tune that he only remembered because of how it made his ears burn, it was invented in the mid twentieth century and Zane knew he would never forgive himself for playing it. The song he was strumming ended and Zane started playingâ€¦| Disco.

As Zane winced, like a thousand daggers were being twisted into his gut, Reggie came in, humming along with the tune. "M'Lord, I think you might want to see this, I finally got the new camera working and you really must watch it. I shall rewind the footage and play it from the beginning."

The viewscreen that Reggie had brought in before began playing, in it, Zane could see a speaker, eight hours ago it had been as shiny and new-looking as the day he bought it, now the cover screen that protected the speakers was ripped to shreds and behind that, the subwoofer was slowly tearing itself apart, the only reason it hadn't completely destroyed itself before was the sheer immensity of the structure.

"Will it even play sounds anymore?" asked Zane, even more afraid now.

"Shhhh. The part I wished you to see is coming up."

Zane shrugged, kept playing his guitar, and returned to watching the video. Several elites came to the structure, the first one in gold armor, and the other ten were clad in red. They looked down and around at all of the dead bodies, the lead one shaking his head in disapproval.

"Are those the aliens? Why aren't they dead?" Zane asked again

"Yes, and your speakers have worn out quite a bit by now, the noise is quite tolerable now, but just watch, don't worry M'Lord."

The elites began looking around, possibly for survivors, until the disco music started playing, making Zane cringe again. When the new music started playing, all of the elites stopped dead in their tracks and stared straight ahead, a blank look in their eyes. The golden one then slowly, purposefully, raised one hand to the sky and pointed straight up. The rest of the elites fell in line behind him and started tapping their feet to the beat. Zane stared in disbelief, and then on the screen, he saw the elites begin dancing.

"What in the world are they doing?" asked Zane.

"I do believe M'Lord, that it is called 'The Hustle'"

6. Come Sail Away

"Why do you suppose they're doing that Reggie?" asked Zane, arching an eyebrow at the odd sight.

"I have absolutely no idea M'Lord; I do know however, that your private shuttle is fueled, packed and loaded."

"It is?!" Zane suddenly seemed full of vigor, his eyes widened and the color that had been absent from his face since the first news of the invasion came back into his cheeks, "we need to go now if that's the case."

"Well, there's just one other thing, the alien ships appear to be angry with us and are sending all their ships down."

"Don't care Reggie, lets just leave now." With that, Zane dropped his guitar and ran outside to his backyard. It had a tennis court and twenty feet beyond that was a circular concrete block one-hundred meters in diameter with no markings on it. Zane jogged to this construction with his AI's little vehicle rolling alongside him like an oversized, silver fire extinguisher. Once he reached the center, he said, speaking to the ground, "Hail to the King."

A hologram appeared, as if from nowhere, and it showed the image of a man in his late thirties, a little overweight, and wearing a diamond-studded jumpsuit, he spoke with his lip curling up just a little and said, "Thank you, thank you very much."

Zane smiled, he didn't know why all of his AI's seemed to be so quirky, but hey, he was one of the few civilians who could afford some for himself. Elvis here was his shipboard AI, and was quite a bit more advanced than Reggie, and knew it. The only bad thing though, was he was hardwired into the ship so he couldn't sell him on the black market. Those government officials were getting more paranoid every day Zane thought with a smile.

"You're welcome, very much Elvis. Bring up the ship."

"Right away amigo."

The concrete started swinging outward as if on a hinge and a ninety

foot shuttle rose up from the hole it had been in. the shuttle was painted pitch-black with red-orange flames painted on the side. A staircase descended and Zane climbed up with Reggie close behind. Zane sat in the pilot's seat and watched as several of the alien ships descended on the planet. Certain points on the sides of them started to glow red and he watched in horror as the ships started blasting the surface of the planet away. At the same time, a blue elite ran into the ship, and gave life to two plasma swords. He went two steps inside and was greeted by Elvis pointing one finger to where he figured a nose would be.

"Stop righ' there little feller" he said, shaking his finger.

The elite paused, cocked his head to one side and then swung his plasma swords at the hologram, trying to chop him in half. The elite looked even more confused, seeing now that his target remained intact, but then he suddenly realized that Elvis was a hologram. It had just taken a confident step forward when Reggie's wheeled body came hurtling through the hologram screaming "Tally ho!" and knocked the elite down the stairs. The shuttle then lifted off from the ground and the staircase closed, blocking further entry.

The shuttle headed for the sky and was out of the atmosphere in no time at all. Several Covenant ships tried firing at him, but the planet's magnetic field warped the shots and it escaped unscathed. "Get us outta here Elvis."

"Where to?" he asked, with the miniature hologram flipping his hair out of his eyes.

"Dead space. Dead space far away from here, I need to think about what to do next."

7. Do you know the way to San Jose?

Chapter 7

In slipspace now, we see our hero and his AIs putting their heads together to figure out a constructive solution to their plans.

"Okay, Reggie, Elvis, both of you saw what just happened. What do you think we should do?"

The two holograms appeared side by side, and while Reggie was about to talk, Elvis cut in. "Considerin' I have more processing power than this little lugnut, I think I should go first."

"Actually" Reggie began saying, "I saw it all first hand, so I will have better information on what to do. While Elvis was hiding in this ship, I collected valuable information." He gave a little smirk as he said this.

"Listen ya little over-praised trashcan, you know I couldn't leave this ship. Why don't you hand over your so-called 'valuable information' and let someone with _real _computing power analyze it."

"Oh, do you know someone?" Reggie replied, thickening his accent and

raising an eyebrow.

"Why you littleâ€¦!"

"What are you going to do eh? You don't have access to my files. So there." He stuck his tongue out and made a face at Elvis.

"You really think that?!" Elvis asked again.

"Yes."

"'Cause I'll prove it to ya."

"Then prove it!"

"I will!"

"So do it!"

"Fine then!"

"Well? I didn't see anything happen."

"Iâ€¦ Iâ€¦ I can always blast you out of the airlock!" Elvis said smugly.

"I'd like to see you try."

Fine then, Iâ€¦" he was cut off by Zane at this point.

"Guys! Calm down, geez, all I needed to know is: what should I do next? I don't care about anything else. What should I do? Reggie, I've had you longer, what do you think?"

Reggie stuck his tongue out to Elvis as he started. "M'Lord, I think that the wisest course of action would be to head for Reach or Earth, and tell them about what has happened. If you show them the video that I took while the battle raged, they will most certainly believe you."

"And you?" he asked Elvis.

"Well, normally I wouldn't agree with the rust bucket over there, but he did say what I was thinking. Want me to replot the course for Reach?"

"Sounds good, drop us out of slipspace and then replot our course, so we'll go faster. I'm gonna eat something and then stick myself in the freezer. Get me up when we're about seven hours from Reach."

Zane walked to the back of the shuttle; past the tour bus his band used on planets, past the spa, past all the bedrooms for everyone (the bedrooms were themselves very small, but still larger than most military rooms), until he reached the kitchen. It was built just like his kitchen back home, and even included the half-empty, slightly chunky milk carton on the counter, a box of lucky charms with all the marshmallows taken out, and half of a very dry looking lime sitting on top of a moldy piece of cheese. Zane picked up the cheese and sniffed it. Satisfied, he began nibbling on it and then poured the box of cereal on the counter, looking for any sugary treat that may

have escaped his eye before. He found one, it was a red balloon, it was his favorite because it reminded him of that German song from the nineteen eighties. He tossed it in the air and almost caught it in his mouth when Elvis showed up in his hologram form.

"What is it?" Zane asked, "Can't you see that I'm trying to enjoy my dinner?"

"I do see that, but I just thought you might like to know that we have pirates."

"What?" Zane spat cheese all over the counter as he did this. "Get us back into slipspace. Now!"

It'll take a half hour to recharge the engine, sorry, and I would maneuver away from them, but it seems that _someone _with not as much processing power as I, forgot to supply us with sufficient fuel. Where the fuel should have been stored, all I found was this." He pointed to a robotic doily that was carrying several pounds of tea.

"Why in the world would he do that!" Zane yelled, outraged, but before Elvis could reply with a witty compliment, they heard a voice broadcast over the intercom.

It said, in a voice that occasionally cracked, "Zane Fear, you are totally awesome, so please don't make me blow your ship up. Don't move your ship, and all will be fine, we will intercept your ship in five minutes."

Zane shrugged his shoulders as he sat back in a chair. "Wake me up when they get here."

8. Zane has left the planet

As the airlock hissed into the open position, Zane saw an old man, probably seventy years old, followed by a younger man, who looked even younger than Zane. The old man took a deep bow and said, hello Zane, I am Captain Neil, of the Diamond." He stayed bent over, still bowing until he said "Drew! I need a little help."

"Oh, sorry cap'n" he said as he helped the old man stand up straight again.

"As I was saying, I am Captain Neil. We are pirates, yadda yadda yadda" he waved his hand around to accentuate the point, "so just give us all your stuff and we won't send you out the airlock. Get it?"

Zane didn't listen to a word he said, instead, he grabbed the old mans shoulders and started yelling at him "Haven't you seen the aliens man? I need to get to earth to tell them about this so I can get my house back!" after this outburst, he walked backwards to

"Are you suggesting that aliens have invaded Harvest? Really now what next, did the mole people join them? Oh, no, wait a second, I've got a really good one, did ummmmâ€| didâ€| dang, now you made me forget what I was going to say. And this one was good! Drew, get me my stick!"

Drew sighed and held out a walking cane that Zane hadn't seen before. The old man grabbed the cane and hobbled closer to Zane, he was ten feet away.

One minute later, he closed the distance to nine feet.

Two minutes after that, it was eight feet, and the man stopped to catch his breath. Zane coughed silently and scratched his chin, unsure what to do next. So he took three steps forward, so he was standing in front of Neil.

"Heh, thought you would ease my wrath by coming closer eh? Well, that won't work! Take this!" the old man, Neil then raised his cane in the air, and started tapping it on Zane's shoulder. After one minute of dusting Zane's shoulder off, Neil stopped and said, panting and out of breath, "Had enough yet? Beg for mercy and I might stop!"

"Okay, owww, owww, pain, agony, pain and agony, please stop." Zane said, exaggaratingly.

"Good, he said, consider yourself forcefully conscripted into the 'Becoming Earth's Annoyance To Let Them See' liberation front, or Beatles for short. We now own your ship, your AIs and you. Congratulations."

"But can't you just let me go free? You have all my stuff."

Yes, but you've seen me. So, you stay with us."

Zane walked into the pirate's ship, awaiting an unknown future. Meanwhile, in the passing month, billions of people learned that Harvest had been lost to aliens, and that nobody escaped alive. Billions more mourned the loss of Zane Fear, candlelight vigils were held for him, followed by significantly smaller ones for all the other people on Harvest. People started seeing him at fuel stations and Burger Kings. Impersonators sprouted up like weeds. Others said he himself was an alien and led them to his planet. Some people swore that he roamed space in his personal shuttle, along with a band of pirates, waiting to get payback. Needless to say, these last people were by far the most accurate.

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>Author's Note- These past two chapters haven't been as funny as I wanted them to be, but chapter 9 is going to be a lot better in my opinion. Thank you all for the encouraging reviews. And Please continue to do so.

9. The Illogical Song

Seven years later. The human populace is fighting a one-sided war against the Alien group known as the Covenant. This war started on the Outer Colony world of Harvest, the planet received the full fury of the Covenant's wrath. After this happened, one question remained in peoples minds. That question is "Is Zane Fear alive somewhere?"

"M'Lord, landing is imminent."

"About time, they seem to go slower every time."

Zane had been in the custody of the pirates for seven years now, and in that time, they would go wherever they heard covenant was attacking, land Zane on the planet to distract the Covenant and raid whatever was left there. Zane would play disco on an open channel, and then all the ships in the system would stop attacking. This is what he was doing now.

They were going to land in the town square of the capitol city of Septimus Four. It was a fairly low city, with no buildings taller than five stories, and looked like a very cut-down version of New York, back on Earth. The covenant already controlled this city,

but the pirates wanted it anyway because the UNSC supposedly held a stash of nukes inside the sewer system. Zane was to get the Elites incapacitated while they searched.

As Zane's dropship was landing, he opened the door, and walked out with his guitar. He didn't need it anymore with all the musical weapons the pirates supplied him with, but he liked to play it safe.

Two other dropships then descended ten feet on either side of Zane. They looked like giant black boxes with rockets on them. When they landed, the sides of them flew up to reveal speakers housed on all sides of them. Not quite as large as the ones he owned at his house, but large enough to make a sound heard for several square miles. Zane put in his earplugs and walked over to press the button for music when a red Elite jumped out of the shadows wielding a plasma sword.

It charged at Zane, but before it could do anything, Zane had already played the first few notes of 'The Hustle' on his guitar, and the Elite dropped the sword and began to dance.

"You know," Zane said, half to himself, "I really wonder why they do that."

A hundred thousand years ago, when the Elite race was still young, for unknown reasons, a young child started whistling a tune that the Elites found pleasurable. They all loved this music and they all whistled it every day. Eventually, they began to dance to it. They called it: Disco.

It became an everyday part of their life. You ate, you drank, you slept, you used the bathroom, and you danced disco.

A thousand years later, when their race had discovered radio, they broadcast it with enough power to reach the other side of the planet, for they hadn't discovered satellites yet. They played this for the centuries to come, until it became ingrained into their minds. The prophets came some time after that, and when they reached a truce, they declared that the Elites would no longer be allowed to dance Disco. They said that the forerunners disallowed it (actually, they just hated the sound).

_So the Elites stopped the music. But the music kept going on. Through space, through the centuries the radio waves traveled. They

kept going until they reached a certain planet. A planet named Earth._

On this planet it was, on their calendar, the year 1968. In that year, a young man who lived on the continent known as 'North America' went to the dentist to get his teeth filled. He went home afterwards and went to bed, not knowing what role he would play in his race's future. The alien radio waves then reached him. They locked onto his tooth fillings and showed him their ways. In his subconscious mind, he was shown the dance and the music. When he awoke, he began the movement that started the disco craze and changed humanity's future forever.

"Hey, you! Stop daydreaming. You got a job to do." Said one of the dropship pilots. "Drew probably aint gonna find what Neil's lookin' for already. We're not gettin' outta here for a while now. I'm gonna go grab us some drink. It'd be a shame if it got burned to the ground. Am I right?" he said, while hopping out of his seat and walking down the street, looking for the nearest liquor store.

"Can't you at least get rid of this thing for me?" asked Zane, motioning towards the dancing Elite.

"Oh yea, I forgot. Johnny! Can you get that for me?"

"Sure thing." He replied and an old, heavysset man wearing gray sweats and no shirt hopped out of the other ship and grabbed his pistol, a centuries old dy357 magnum. He walked up to the dancing alien and pulled the trigger three times, hitting it three times in the head. The third round penetrated the shield and the creature fell down, still trying to dance.

The pilot climbed back in his ship and closed the door, unfazed. Now Zane was all alone. Reggie never liked leaving the ship so he wouldn't keep him company anymore. No one else was down here, and the other pilot was off getting drunk. So naturally, he was surprised when he heard someone call his name from the shadows.

"Psst, Zane, over here!" said the voice

Zane yelled "Cover your ears, I'll be right over!" and pressed the 'play' button that started the disco music playing throughout the city.

He walked over to the shadows where he heard the voice coming from and when he got there, he did a double-take and screamed out "Holy Crap! You guys are alive?"

* * *

>Author's Note - I didn't originally try to make him like Mr. Burns, but now that I look again, he does make me think of him. For all of you who don't know, this next month, I will be adjusting my schedule, and as a result, it might take awhile for the next chapter to come. Thanks Spog for all the insightful reviews.

Three men walked out of the shadows. The first one was dressed in ripped jeans, brown cowboy boots and a red plaid button-up shirt. His long black hair completely covered all of his facial features except for his large nose. He had aviator sunglasses on and wore noise-canceling headphones over his ears.

"George!" Zane yelled out happily while grabbing his hand and shaking it happily.

He then turned to the second man. He was garbed in blue suede shoes, an orange pair of shorts that revealed a pair of purple knee-length socks, a lime green t-shirt, and a pair of black, fingerless, studded leather gloves. He was shaved bald and wore a pair of sunglasses that would cause Elton John to look away in shame.

"Freddy Spaghetti!" they grabbed each other and hugged before he turned to the last man.

The last man stood there twitching erratically. He had a pair of extremely dirty sneakers on his feet, and kept tapping them nonstop. He had a pair of greasy jeans on and also couldn't stop moving them; occasionally he would put his hands in his pockets, only to take them out a second later. He had no shirt on, and you could see that he was thin to the point of looking anorexic. He had a tattoo across his abdomen that said 'I heart Lattes', in fact, he was holding a cup of coffee right now, and it was splashing all over his hands because he couldn't stop shaking his hands. He wore no hat and you could see his filthy blond hair that was cut into a bowl shape. His eyes were also constantly blinking, and smiling and otherwise twitching his facial muscles.

"Uhhh. Hey there Mitch" he said and cautiously held his hand out to him.

"Heheheâ€| Zane! You're alive!" Mitch launched himself at Zane, knocking him to the ground, "My Gosh! I, I, I, I can't believe you're alive! We all thought you were dead; this is like the Twilight Zone or something. We all kept the band going after we lost you, but it just wasn't the same." He then whispered in Zane's ear saying, "I don't think you've noticed it yet, but I think these guys have gone off the deep end after these past seven years." He swirled his index finger around his head to accentuate his point.

"Anyways, Guys, you've got to help me. I've been captured by pirates and I need to escape. You guys need to help me get to our ship, and then we can escape with Elvis and Reggie, and get back to our normal lives. Is it a deal?"

"Of course we'll help" answered Freddy. It's a heck of a lot better than staying here and getting glassed. We would've left hours ago, but some crazy fans stole our ship. I'm not having anymore apocalypse parties in any more spaceships. Anyways, let's blow this popsicle stand!"

The newly reformed band climbed aboard Zane's dropship and while Zane went up to the cockpit, the band hid in the back. Zane walked up to the pilot and said, "Hey, Neil wants me back on my ship for some reason. You better take me there now."

To his amazement, the pilot sat up, gunned the engines and started

flying without any questions.

Fifteen minutes later, they were onboard Zane's shuttle. No-one was onboard, so they locked all the entrances and went to the command console. Elvis welcomed them, but said that they couldn't leave.

"Why not?" asked Zane, "Tell me why we can't leave."

Elvis answered, "They've disconnected me from the slipspace drive because they figured that you would want to leave, and in all truth, this was a trap. That's why they never let you on before, so that you wouldn't know it. Now, all of the pirate ships are coming this way, wait, there's a message coming in. I'll put in on the central screen.

An old man appeared on the screen, Neil. "Well, Zane, I'll bet you weren't expecting this. You've faced my wrath when we met, but now prepare to be vaporized. All of my ships are going to blast you into oblivion when we get in range of our guns. Goodbye and thank you for giving us this secret weapon against the Covenant."

The screen went black and Elvis said. Well, we've got one minute before they get in range. If you get to the slipspace controls, I might be able to guide you to fire the engines. Okay?"

"Okay" said Zane as he sat at the control desk.

Thirty seconds later

"AAAHHHHHHHHH!!!! Were All Gonna Die!!!!" screamed Mitch, as he ran in circles in the ship. He then ran over to the controls where Zane was sitting. "Get us outta here!!! Leave Leave Leave!!! Get us away!!! I'll get us out!" he pushed Zane out of his seat and started pushing various buttons, throwing random switches, and turning knobs at will.

"Stop it" cried Elvis, "Slipspace is very precise and if you do it the wrong way, we could all die! You don't know what you're doing!"

"Of course I know what I'm doing" he said, twitching more than ever, "I'm getting us out of here!" he looked around until he found what he was looking for.

It was a big red button that said 'Slipspace ignition button' he pressed it and everyone screamed in unison "NOOOOOO!!!"

George peeked out from plant he had been hiding in. they were all still alive, that was good, but where were they now? He wondered if that jump really worked or if he was just dead. "What is it like being dead?" he wondered. He looked out one of the portholes on the ship and saw the inky blackness that indicated slipspace travel. Apparently, Mitch had tweaked the engine just the right way accidentally and by some amazing luck, they were alive. He lowered his sunglasses to get a better view of everything.

Elvis' hologram was pacing around the unconscious bodies of the rest of the band, and looking extremely annoyed. The nearly forgotten Reggie was rambling on about the lack of tea on the ship, his tiny

robotic cage was lying in the corner, and his hologram stood rigid, as if waiting for an order"

Once elvis saw George, he walked over to him. "Everyone's fine, they're just all shook up."

"When are we gonna get out of slipspace?"

"How should I know? I've been locked out of the engine. Remember? We'll get out of here whenever the coordinates your buddy Mitch typed in wear out. Hopefully it'll happen before you run out of food."

11. Dust in the Wind

Chapter 11

"What exactly are we looking at Elvis?" Zane asked.

"Looks like some sort of circly thingamabob"

"What about the rest of you? What do you think it looks like?"

George looked at it carefully, "Maybe a giant hula-hoop?"

"Could it be a weird Covenant planet?" asked Freddy.

"I think it looks like a big subwoofer" said Mitch, sitting in the corner.

"Well, it doesn't really matter what it is, can you land us on it Elvis? Looks like a good place to hide, just in case the pirates followed us here."

"I could. If it wasn't for the thirteen covenant cruisers in orbit around it"

"Oh, yea. Forgot about those. Well, what are our options then?"

"We could just wait for our engines to recharge, butâ€¦ uh-oh! Someone's coming out of slipspace near us."

"Who is it?"

Several lights winked on in the darkness of space. Twelve pirate ships jumped back into normal space.

"Crap. I thought that we can't follow people through slipspace."

An old man appeared on the viewscreen and began talking. "You thought wrong Zane; we just lined up behind you, and went into slipspace. With my skill we did it easily."

"I thought we just guessed at where they went and fired our engines Neil."

"Shut up! Anyways Zane, prepare for annihilation"

"No!" another face appeared on the screen, the face of a gold-armored

elite, "the musical demon's head is ours for the taking! He has humiliated our fleets for the last time. He shall die by our hands"

"What the? Why didn't anyone here tell me there was Covenant in this system?" Neil asked, outraged.

"We were trying to tell you that, but then you just opened up the fleetwide broadcast. You just told us to shut up when we tried to tell you!"

"Shut up!"

Zane turned to his bandmates, "We need to land on that circly thing if we're gonna have any chance of living. Elvis, full speed for the planet!"

"You'll never have the chance. Attention all ships! Fire all missiles at the shuttle! I don't want Zane to get out of this system alive."

The twelve pirate ships turned their broadsides to Zane and unleashed salvo after salvo after salvo of stolen Archer Missiles at the diminutive shuttle. Mitch sat in the corner. Oddly calm, just sitting on his heels muttering that they were all going to die while simultaneously trying to lift a cup of coffee with his vibrating hands. George and Freddy just sat with Zane, staring at the screen that showed the thousand plus missiles that were streaking across the open space to come get them.

But before the missiles were halfway do their destination, a gigantic ball of blue plasma flew through space, and incinerated all of the deadly projectiles. But before Zane and his crew had time to cheer, the face of the elite commander appeared yet again. This time, he spoke, saying "Capture the musical demon alive, I want to have the pleasure of killing him myself. Destroy all the other human ships.

"Now's our chance Elvis, get us on that ring on the double, I don't want to be captured by these aliens."

"Righto sir. Off we go!"

The small shuttle flew past all the boarding craft that the covenant had secretly launched at them. They kept flying while disco blared over the radio systems on all conceivable channels.

"The Pirates must be launching their counterattack now" Zane mused.

They reached the ring-structure with nothing happening, but as the ship started descending, Elvis told the bad news, "We've got no landing gear. No landing gear or reverse thrusters, so we're going to be stuck here for a little while."

"Its alright, we weren't going anywhere anyways. But we've got to get as far away from the ship as possible. What vehicles do we have left in here, I didn't bother checking.

Elvis paused a moment, then said, "I do believe, that your old tour

bus is still here." You can take that. It's still powered up after all these years."

"Woo hoo! Road Trip!" yelled out George.

"G'bye men, I'll miss ya" said Elvis. "I'd go with you if I could. So long."

12. Wayward Son

Yet again we join our heroes. This time, on the surface of the ring world now dubbed hula-hoop. Or Hula for short. Now they are discussing what they are to do now that they are trapped on 'Hula'.

"Man, we are well and truly screwed."

"What gave you that idea Fred? Was it the covenant circling overhead, the pirates that want you dead, or the fact that you can't get off this planet because your ship doesn't work. OF COURSE WE'RE SCREWED!" George screamed to Freddy.

"Quiet down you guys, I'm trying to drive here. It's kinda hard to drive an eight ton bus when there isn't a road to drive it on." said Zane.

"Listen Zane" George sighed, "I'm just a little angry right now that we're stuck on this circular planet with no food except for two years worth of tea packaged with an even larger supply of cheese whiz. I mean, seriously, how are we going to survive, let alone get off this planet?"

"We'll find a way. Count on it. As for the tea, that problem is courtesy of our friendly AI, Reggie. The space he used for tea was supposed to be reserved for the crackers so we could eat the cheese with it."

"Don't blame it on me M'lord, I distinctly remember hearing you say that you loved tea and drink it with every meal. So it was only natural for me to stockpile your ship with it."

"You know what Reggie? I'm not even going to reply to that. Oh, lookie here, a building. Lets stay here tonight. Alright everyone! Out of the bus, we're gonna crash here tonight. Mitch, you stay on the bus, we don't want anyone stealing the bus while we're gone."

The band members, minus Mitch, but including Reggie walked to the grey building. It was grey and vaguely resembled concrete. It stood five stories tall, and was one acre large. It stood out like a sore thumb in the middle of the very open grassland that it resided on. In fact, it was the only building in sight for miles. The terrain around the building was extremely flat, and it actually sloped up to the building, making it even harder to miss.

Zane walked up to it, guitar in one hand, smiled, and said, "Yea, I don't think they'll find us here."

* * *

>Author's Note - Thank you all for the reviews. I will just warn you now that these next few chapters will be a bit short, like this one, and may only come once a week or less as I now have a tough time finding computers

13. Bad Vibrations

The group walked down the cold grey hallway they entered the building through. Their footsteps echoed down and around, and Zane held his guitar ready, just in case an Elite showed up. They followed the seemingly endless hallway until emptied into a completely circular room. The room was about sixty feet in diameter and was completely empty, except for the center. It had a semi-sphere jutting out from it, and several holographic panels shimmered on it. The walls surrounding them were multi-colored, and were covered in strange hieroglyphics that looked vaguely Aztec in origin. A distant and far off rumble shook the room slightly.

"What is this place?" asked Zane.

"Man, it reminds me of this serious trip I had a few years baâ€|"

"I was asking Reggie."

"Oh, sorry."

"It looks as if it might be a computer of some sort, I'll try to tap into it so we can see where to go."

"Sounds good, Reggie, go ahead."

As Reggie sat there computing, Freddy turned to Zane, pushed his hair away from his beak-like nose and started, "You know Zane, those seven years when you were gone, it was worse than the _Great Musical Darkness_. Remember? Back in the early twenty-first century when all those musicians disappeared and were never seen again. I remember that junk from high school. I wonder where they went."

After he finished talking, another tremor shook the building, this time, a little bit more powerful.

"Was it that bad? Were there worldwide riots?"

"Dude, there were galaxy-wide riots after Harvest was glassed, some people thought it was from outrage of having a planet destroyed, but it was really because you weren't able to do your Earth Concert 2517. Everybody was pissed."

"Wow, I've always wanted to be famous enough for that sort of stuff to happen. Do you think thatâ€|"

A very large shudder knocked everyone in the room except Reggie to the ground. "Does this place have earthquakes? Because that's what it's starting to feel like. Better hurry up with your stuff Reggie, I don't want to get caved in here."

"Don't worry M'lord, I've already finished with this thing here, turns out that this here is only a map room. It tells people where

everything on Halo is. That is what this thing is called sirs, not 'Hula'. We need to go several miles away from here if we are to find out where to go from here. If I am correct, this 'flood' should be able to assist us. Lets go, we want to make the best time possible."

As they left the room, another tremor shook the building, and then abruptly stopped. "I don't like the sound of that" said Zane, and the group ran out the building. When they got to the exit, they were greeted by a golden armored elite standing in front of two-hundred covenant vehicles.

George adjusted his star-shaped sunglasses and said, "Guys, I think we might be in trouble."

14. Sgt Vadumee's Lonely Hearts Club Band

****Authors Note - I was Imagining this chapter as being a bit longer, but, now that I've finally got semi-reliable access to a computer, I figure I can write the next chapter fairly quickly. If any of you out there are like me, these next few chapters should tickle your funny bone. enjoy. (And Please Review, it helps me more than you might think. Likes, dislikes, anything you want to say helps a lot.)****

* * *

>The golden Elite stood in front of the group, grinning from audio receptor to audio receptor. He held in his hand the hilt of a plasma sword, but did not ignite it. Instead, he motioned for a group of four Grunts and two Hunters to join him. The Grunts carried strange weapons that none of the group had seen before, and the Hunters did not have the usual fuel rod cannons strapped to their arms. But they looked frightening nonetheless.<p><p>

"Looks like this might be it men. It's been a pleasure playing with you." said Zane.

"Oh crap, the elites doing something!" yelled out Freddy.

The Elite had raised his sword hilt up in the air, and then turned it on. The sword grew out to its normal size, and then kept growing until it was double the usual length. Thin plasma strings stretched out in-between the twin blades, and after waiting a second, the elite strummed the strings, creating a sound that was like a strange cross between a mandolin and a snare drum.

The grunts behind him raised their items to their lips and began blowing, creating a sound not unlike the big bands of the 1940's on earth. The Hunters then joined in by humming deep notes that varied in length, giving the impression of singing.

The Covenant band played for a solid three minutes before stopping, and when they did, the golden elite turned to the crowd behind him, lifted his hands up in triumph, and the sound of thunderous applause followed.

"Dude" said George quietly to Zane, "I think we just got served."

"No, uh-uh not here, not anywhere. No-one tries to one-up Zane Fear. George. Go in the Bus, Get Mitch, and everyone else's instruments. We've got to protect something more valuable than our livesâ€¦| our reputation."

15. Battle of the Bands

****Authors Note - Thanks one and all for the reviews, and the next installment will (hopefully) be coming in the next few days.****

* * *

>Zane and his band finally finished setting up their equipment two minutes later. A new record. The Electric drums, the synthesizer, the amps, and the ten-inch speakers that they always carried around in the van were all out there, shining in the sunlight.<p><p>

Zane brought his guitar up to his chest and glared at the Elite opposite him. "Nobody tries to do that to me. Nobody. Get ready for some real music you ugly squid-faced son of a tone-deaf American Idol reject. You better get ready to eat your own music, cause 'Zane Fear and Those Other Guys' are in the house now.

Zane motioned towards Mitch, behind him on the drums, and he started thumping the bass rapidly. Nodding his head to the beat, Zane pointed to George, on the Keyboard, and he started belting down the keys. Fred came in with his Bass Guitar shortly afterward, and then Zane Joined in. they began playing Zane's last song he ever wrote. He called it, quite coincidentally "Lost on a ringworld being followed by aliens". He figured that it fit a little bit with the situation at hand.

After the song ended, Zane turned to look at the massive convoy of alien vehicles, and heard the on thing he hated more than disco music. The crowd of covenant started booing him.

"Oh screw you guys! You wouldn't know good music if it was played live right in front of you!" Zane yelled, furious, "I'd like to see you do better!"

The lead Elite seemed to understand that part, parted his mandibles in glee, and barked out a new set of orders for the group behind him, lit up his sword/guitar and led his group in another song. The group played another song, reeking of disco tunes that made Zane cringe, and when they finished the crowd erupted into yet more applause and cheers. The gold elite just stood there, basking in the attention and looking very smug.

"Alright, we'll play by your rules" Zane whispered to himself. "Everyone, follow my lead. We're gonna get some applause out of that audience if it kills me. I'm not going to leave this place until every single one of those aliens knows that Zane Fear is the best rocker in the universe."

After he finished his speech, he started plucking on the guitar strings to a beat he all but memorized during his ten year stint with the pirates. It was a variant of the Hustle, that only paralyzed elites instead of making them dance which often got in their way.

They played two verses of the song and then waited to see what happened next. Zane and the lead Elite both stared at the crowd. One Grunt in front coughed lightly, and started clapping his hands together. He was followed by the four other grunts he commanded, and soon every soldier in all two hundred plus vehicles began clapping, whistling, and shouting praises.

Zane put his guitar back in the stand, pointed at the elite, and said "Top that, squidboy."

16. Band on the Run

The elite snarled, snapped his band back together, and began playing. He kept missing chords, and started drifting out of tune because of how angry he was at Zane. When he finished, no applause could be heard. A grunt coughed. A cricket began chirping, accentuating the silence.

"I think he's angry" said George, "should we do escape plan 276?"

"Good idea. Everyone, Dark Side of the Moon 276!" shouted Zane.

The band started playing the soft songs, and began backing up slowly. First Mitch disappeared behind the large building, then Zane, then Freddy, and finally George. The music kept playing even after the band disappeared completely behind the giant structure. The sounds of a revving engine were heard, but trailed off after a few seconds passed.

The Golden elite paused, stared at where the band had gone off to, and walked around the building. The humans were nowhere in sight. Instead, on the ground was a small, black box with music coming from it. "Could the humans have shrunk themselves?" the elite pondered. He then looked up a little bit to see a bus rocketing across the hills at ninety miles an hour, kicking up a huge dirt trail.

the elite began kicking the boom box repeatedly, stomping on it until a sharp piece of plastic snapped off and hit him in the eye. He then proceeded to pick the box up and slam it on the side of the structure, shouting obscenities (of which I cannot print in this story unless I changed the rating to "M"), until the entire thing was in pieces.

When his rage was finally satisfied, he went back around the building and ordered everyone to start up the vehicles, and begin chasing the humans.

within five minutes, the entire convoy was up and running, going at speeds in excess of a hundred miles an hour, catching up the bus in no time.

"Hey Zane, I think we're in real big trouble now." said George, once again stating the obvious. "What should we do?"

"Just open up the top hatch, and make sure the outside speakers are on" said Zane, plugging his guitar into the wall. "I'll show these guys just how Zane rocks."

The walls on the outside of the bus began to ripple, and slide to the bottom of the bus, revealing speakers of all shapes and sizes. Under the bus, unseen by the covenant, the old walls came together to form a giant subwoofer. On the top, a stand appeared. Zane climbed up to the top of the bus, seeing the covenant only thirty seconds away from catching up, shouted, turn on the rear and bottom speakers, then strapped himself into the top stand with his guitar. He raised his hand, and strummed on the guitar, just as he had done seven years ago on Harvest.

The sound blasted through the open speakers, causing the bus to leap forward and up in the air several hundred yards. When the bus started to feel gravity once more, Zane started on Van Halen's Eruption, and the bus flew forward five hundred miles an hour.

The now "hover bus" kept going until Reggie informed Zane that they had reached their destination. They landed without too much trouble, and Zane led everyone out of the bus to a new structure that had an elevator going deep down.

Zane walked on the elevator and said "Okay, let's find this 'Flood' Reggie was talking about and get off this ring."

17. Lookin' Out My Ringworld's Back Door

****Author's Note-** I am planning on ending this story rather abruptly, like within three chapters. I would like to personally thank all three of my loyal readers for staying with me. On a side note, a somewhat sequel will be in the making sometime later, it won't be nearly as music-oriented, but in the next one, I will only write when feeling exceptionally funny. So, enjoy the story and please review.**

Chapter 16- Lookin' Out My Ringworld's Back Door

As they exited the elevator, they ran across another terminal, it stood out starkly from the long grey hallways, just a lump in the center of the room with glowing symbols on them. Above it was a hologram of the ringworld.

"Shall I?" asked Reggie?

"Yeah, look for anything that can get us home, I'm sick of this place already." said Zane

After a few minutes of searching, Reggie let out a surprised yelp.

"What is it?" Zane asked.

This, this computer is a library of the entire history of the Halos and the Forerunners, we can find out anything we want on them from here."

Zane began to respond, but was cut short when he slipped and fell on the ground. He hit his head hard and after a few moments, was helped up by George.

"Sorry 'bout that man" said George, but lets see if there's a back door to this place in case the Covenant show up."

"Okay" said Zane "Let's go guys, Reggie can stay here and compute like he wants, we'll be back in a minute."

They walked on until they found a door. Zane opened it. What he saw nearly made him faint. Looking out the back door, he could see a pair of hunters doing cartwheels while Jackals were sculpting a statue of another Jackal wearing six-inch stilettos. Zane stood in amazement while an Elite zoomed by in a giant, flying spoon.

"What the hell is happening here? He asked while turning around.

After turning, he was greeted with an even stranger sight, Mitch had begun playing the tambourine, and George had turned into an Elephant (and was also playing a tambourine).

"Alright, this is getting too weird" Zane said, trapped between his morphing, tambourine-playing pachydermesque bandmates and a group of Grunts doing a Hoedown on the lawn behind him. "I'm just gonna take three steps back, and then I'm gonna run away"

He managed to take ten strides before the Elite riding the spoon cut him off, "Won't you take a ride on the Flying spoon?" he asked.

"Aaaaaahhhhh!!!" Zane fell down and screamed at the insanity of it all (Especially the Tambourines), "Aaaaaahhhhh!!!" he kept screaming until a bucket of cold water was dumped on his face. He opened his eyes and found himself staring at the roof of the forerunner structure. George stood above him with an empty bucket of water.

"Huh, what happened to the elephants, and the tambourines? What about the cartwheeling Hunters? WHERE'S THE FLYING SPOON???"

Mitch looked to his hands, and quickly hid the tambourine he was holding behind his back. "I don't know nothin' bout no flyin' spoons Zane." he said.

"Okay, lets just get back on track, we need to get off this ring."

18. For Those About To Rock, We Salute You

"So Reggie, what do you have for us, what 'hidden secrets' did you find on the computer?" asked Zane.

"Its amazing sir, you wouldn't believe what this place was actually built for, it turns out thatâ€¦"

He was cut short by the sound of the elevator rising to the top of the structure, "Dang, they found us already, Reggie, can you just hook yourself into the harddrive and tell us where we can run?"

"Yes, M'Lord," he paused for a moment, "Done, I'm officially inside

the Halo, go through the archway and take the first door on your leftâ€¦"

Zane, guitar in hand, and his band sprinted down the hallways, hearing the occasional whine from a plasma gun discharging.

"So Reggie, you mean to tell me that when the Covenant talk about the forerunners, they actually mispronounced Foreigner? As in the band from the nineteen-eighties?"

"Yup"

"And that they, along with every other musician were transported back in time by Brian May, the legendary lead guitarist/Astrophysicist of Queen?"

"Correct"

"Well, what the hell was this Ring built for then?"

"You'll laugh."

"No I won't Reggie."

"Okay, these rings were built to be gigantic concert halls, able to broadcast sound even through space, so that people everywhere could listen to great music no matter where in the universe they were."

"So the Ring is a giant speaker?"

"Precisely"

"Wait" Zane said with a smile, "I just got a crazy Idea. Reggie, I'm gonna need your help on this oneâ€¦"

Three-hundred ships in orbit M'Lord, I've locked the doors, but they'll break through in a matter of minutes. You need to act now."

"Okay, everyone? You guys ready?" Zane turned to see his bandmates dusting off the ancient instruments they had found, each one was connected into the wall of the ring. "If I'm correct, this ring should replicate what happened at my house, except everything for a hundred light-years will be severely affected. Lets go."

A ripple appeared in space, the Covenant watched, and heard, as their ships began ripping themselves apart, in half, then half again, until there was nothing left.

All around the Universe, on High Charity, on Earth, on the Covenant Homeworlds, the sound of '_Down on the Corner_' could be heard.

Back in the music room, nothing was left, a slight glow, but both the instruments and the players were gone.

"Hello?" Reggie asked. "Anybody out there?" he paused for a few moments, and then suddenly, twelve more Covenant ships appeared, and then one Human ship, it was small, but Reggie figured they could help him leave, using the rings sensors, he found the ship's name, _The

Pillar Of Autumn_.

"Jolly Good."

****Author's Note** " And so ends the Saga of Zane and Reggie, and so begins the saga of The Chief and Reggie. I am tentatively deciding to name the next story "Just one Spartan" (If you have another idea for a name, please tell me). Please review, doesn't matter your opinion, everyone has one. Goodbye, and I will see you in the next story, which I will try to make even funnier than this one.**

19. Notice for all you loyal readers

I have decided to rewrite/update two of my favorite stories, this being one of them. I am most likely going to start a completely new story here, and then I'll see where that takes me. I'm still unsure as to whether or not I will write both at the same time or what, but I will be sure to let people know if they so desire. When I do start-up again, you can expect weekly updates either way. These two stories are the one's closest to my heart, and I want to finish them the way I originally intended. For JOG, there will be minor changes to the first half, a new prologue, a few new chapters in the middle, and most of the last third will be changed quite a bit, I rushed the end on that story far too much. as for TTT, I'm going to retain the storyline, but just rewrite the whole thing in a better, and less douchie format. And last but not least, I want to thank you if you are a loyal reader.

End
file.